They seemed rather depressed; lack speakers, and so find it difficult to make much way; but are getting a few new members, in spite of the slowness of their propaganda. We may look forward to a brand new Social Democratic Federation started, apparently with good prospects, early this year or late last (I forget which), had quite disappeared after a few weeks' existence. One comrade said that in talking to fellow-workers they would agree with everything that he said in favour of Socialism, but could not be brought further than this passive adherence. On the other hand our comrades are making most commendable efforts to organise as a trade union. The members of the Society, who have a good deal retracted from their position, at all events in appearance, are starting a kind of progressive debating society, appealing to trades' unionists and co-operatives to join it, which could easily be turned down and other prejudices set aside. The 24th I gave the same lecture at Glasgow. A wet evening, meetings of candidates throughout the town, and again apprehensions of a flood. I was told that the good audience was rather more than at Edinburgh; a somewhat overwhelming amount of questions, the answers to which were very well received. A sprinkling of Ruskinians were somewhat inclined, I fancy, to take exception to the roughness of the opinions; indeed, the mover of that (terrible) vote of thanks said as much, and was somewhat cheered.

I may here remark that it seems to me that the Scotch are much given to "tirion-larting," and that therefore it is necessary for a Socialist who wants to get at the facts to discount a certain amount of the enthusiasm with which he is received, if he happens to have any reputation, or even if he is still enough regarded as a genuine Socialist, that there were many in the audience who really agreed. At Glasgow there was a good sprinkling also of Land Restorers; but these, I think, are beginning to see out of the narrow close in which Henry George has hedged them.

The 25th I lectured at Dundee, and had much such an audience as at Glasgow, only that they lacked the instruction that our Branch has, with some understanding of the folly of the folk and therefore do not seem ready to take up the points. Trade is very slack at Dundee; the jute business nearly gone, Indian competition having destroyed it. I was told that there are few places where the difference between the classes is more felt than it is at Dundee. I much regretted that I could not stop there and get to know some of the workers. Our comrades here (Dundee) ought to make a push to get up a branch audience.

I meet the Branch to-day, and in the evening lecture again. To-morrow I lecture at Bridgeport, a suburb of Glasgow. But I send this off for the current number, and will give an account of whatever else happens next week. William Morris.

Glasgow, June 27.

WHIGS, DEMOCRATS, AND SOCIALISTS.

At the Conference called by the Fabian Society, at North Place Institute, Anne Street, London, etc. (Concluded from p. 97.)

But again, it may be said, some of the Democrats go further than this; they take up actual pieces of Socialism, and are more than inclined to work towards it. Nationalisation would be, for example, either a mere or cumulative taxation on incomes, or doing away with, inheritance, or new factory laws, or the restriction by law of the day's labour—one of the things—would be sometimes the Democrats' idea of absolute salvation in one of these planks of the platform. All this I admit, and once again say it is a hopeful sign, and yet once again I say there is a snare in it—a snare lurking in the grass. Those who think that they can deal with this present system in this piece-meal way very much under-rate the strength of the tremendous organisation under which we live, which appoints to each of us his place, and if we do not choose to fit it down we like to. Nothing but a tremendous force can deal with this force; it will not suffer itself to be dismembered, not to lose anything which really is its essence which the thing as it is can be truly deprived of, or taking anything which it considers of importance it will pull the roof of the world down upon its head. For indeed, I grant these semi-Socialist Democrats who are the hope for their tempering piecemeal with our Society; if by chance they can excite people into seriousness, however blindly, claiming one or other of these things in question, and could be successful in Parliament with driving it through, they would certainly not have the Great War of 1914 to what the world would not end but either with the fall of the republic that will be impossible to limit the aim of the struggle; nor can we expect, short of the prices which it would take, except that it could not be a matter of compromise. But suppose the Democratic party peaceably successful on this basis of semi-State Socialism, what will it do next? It is the class struggle that is opposed to each other, a mere ignorance of this antagonism which has led through so many centuries to where we are now, and then after a period of disappointment and disaster the making for their days are a revolution made and another immediately necessary on its morrow?

Yet, indeed, it will not come to that; for whatever may be the aims of the Democrats, they will not succeed in getting themselves into a position from whence they could make the attempt to realise them. I have said there are Tories and yet no real Tory party, so also it seems probable that there are Socialists, but the Whig Radical or opposition, who are used by the leaders of the Parliamentary factions, and also kept at a distance by them from any real power. If they by hook or by crook can be managed to get into office, and then find that they would out find their differences very speedily under the influence of party rule; in fact of the Democrats are not a party because they have no principles other than the old Whig Radicalism, of which we know that the march of events has forced on them; that is, they gravitate on one side to the Whigs and on the other to the Socialists. Whenever if ever they should be in power they will indeed leave politics rather more, perhaps, than at Edinburgh; a somewhat overwhelming amount of questions, the answers to which were very well received. A sprinkling of Ruskinians were somewhat inclined, I fancy, to take exception to the roughness of the opinions; indeed, the mover of that (terrible) vote of thanks said as much, and was somewhat cheered.

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Glasgow, June 27.
THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

XIII.—THE STORY ENDING.

(Continued from page 73.)

How can I tell you the story of the Hope and its defence?

We wrought in a narrow circle; it was bitter and the end; for the walls, and back for a little; for the text, I tell you. We were of the world, and the world hated them, and they died; and none of our deeds have turned to them in the months of happy men, and I can tell you now for ever, for ever. But why, too, busy for truth or kindness. Yet my soul is seeing the day. When those who are now but children the new generation shall be, and even in our land of commerce as the workmen over the sea. Amid them shall spring up the story; yea the very breath of the air. To the evening breeze of the world, and old man was the red flag over head, and shall call on the help of the vanquished and the kindness of the dead, in time that works from these tears that the tale of the fool triumphant, yet clearer and clearer shall show, the deeds of the helpers of menfolk to every age, and class.

Of these were my wife and my friend; they there ended their wayfarings like the generations before them thick thronging as leaves of the spring, foot falling as leaves of the autumn as the ancient singer hath said, and each one with a love and a story. Ah the grief of the early dead!

"What is all this talk?" you are saying: "Why all this long delay?" Or, indeed, it is told me that those who would say I would be, but cannot cease, the last. Well, I hurry on to the end. It drew to the close of our coming and we were to defend. The forts were gone and the booms drove near to the thin-rumbled wall and it wanted not many hours to the last hour and the fall, and we lived and wept, and I am not sure that I have gained.

The chocking sobbing passion; but I kept it back, and smiled, and waved my hair aloft— But therewith her face turned wild.

Lo a toy and a crush around us and my sick brain whirling around, and white lights began to be larger and larger and larger, and there, to some of our wounded comrades such help as she could bear.

It should be noted of this: still it is a great thing, but indeed no words to tell of its horror and language for my need. If a nappy is to picture, so it is all that my words can say.

But when I came to myself, in a friend’s house sick. I lay and strange blood and nonsense, and my own mind wandering there; Delirium in me indeed and around me everywhere. That passed, and I missed my mates. First, then, all the stress that the last three months had been on me now sunk to helpfulness, I believed, and then they told me the tale of what had betid; and first, that under the guise of a friend, I came, and there with the who was slain by mere misadventure, and was English as was I, and no rebel, and had due papers whereby I might well slip by. When I was somewhat in the way of the story, and not told, How all was fallen together, and my heart grew sick and cold.

That can even I was so and had hope if I yet might live to strive, It was but few words they told me of that murder great and grim, and how with the blood of the guiltless the city’s streets did swim, and of other horrors they told not, except in a word or two When they told of their scheme to save me from the bands of the villainous crew, whereby I guessed what was happening in the main without detail, and at last it came to their telling the other tale of my wife and my who had none to be told, they said that I had been wounded by the fragment of a shell; another of which had done me greater. When I was somewhat in the way of the story, and not told, How all was fallen together, and my heart grew sick and cold.

Yet indeed therefor as I strove my life to live, That can even I was so and had hope if I yet might live to strive, It was but few words they told me of that murder great and grim, and how with the blood of the guiltless the city’s streets did swim, and of other horrors they told not, except in a word or two When they told of their scheme to save me from the bands of the villainous crew.